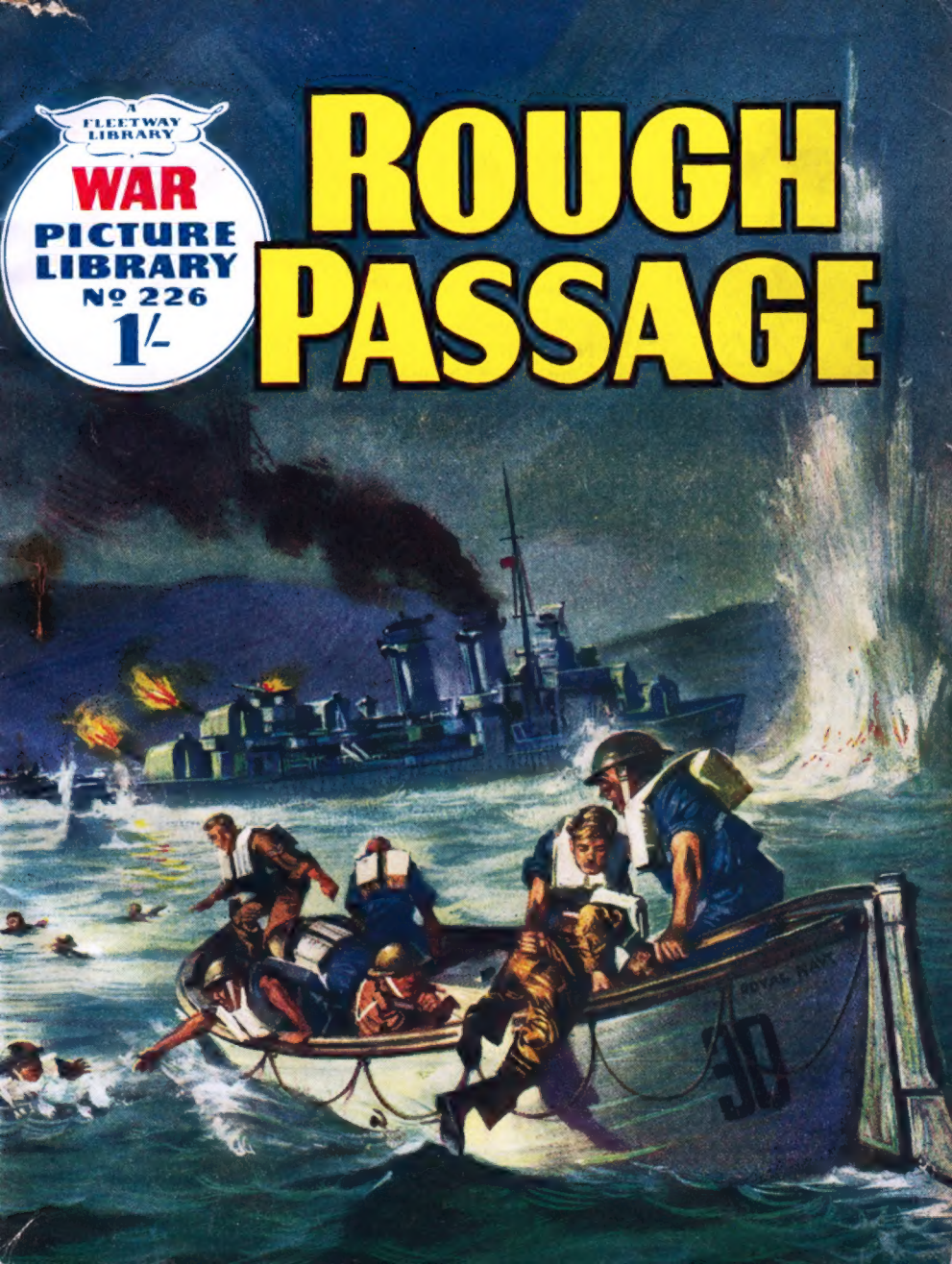
A FLEETWAY LIBRARY

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No 226

1/-

ROUGH PASSAGE



4 ALL-ACTION ISSUES EVERY MONTH

★ No. 137 **POINT OF NO RETURN**
There is a hair-trigger balance between life and death, glory and shame.

★ No. 138 **ONSLAUGHT**
The Nazi paratroops hit Crete like a cloudburst, sweeping all but the most stubborn defences away.

★ No. 139 **THE SHADOW OF FEAR**
The fiery ordeal of his past was always with him.

★ No. 140 **THE HUNTED**
Sometimes a man must stop running—and face his enemy.

BATTLE
PICTURE LIBRARY

On Sale

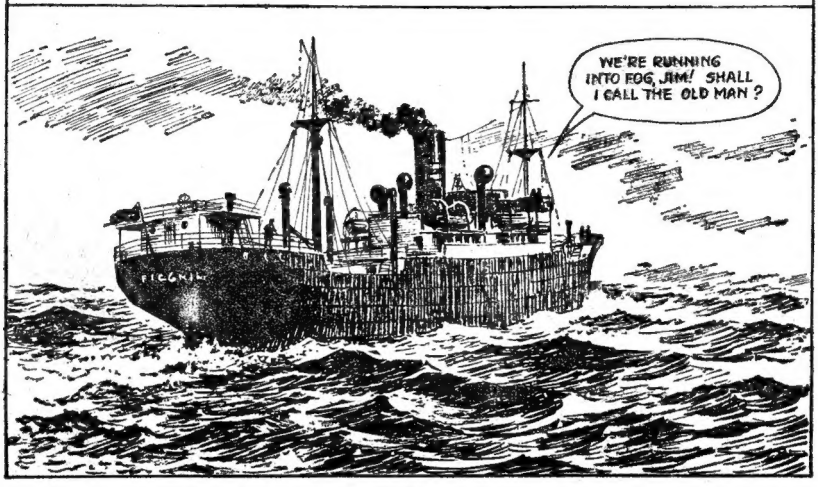
Monday 20th Jan.

MAKE SURE
Order your copies
NOW!

© Fleetway Publications Ltd., 1964

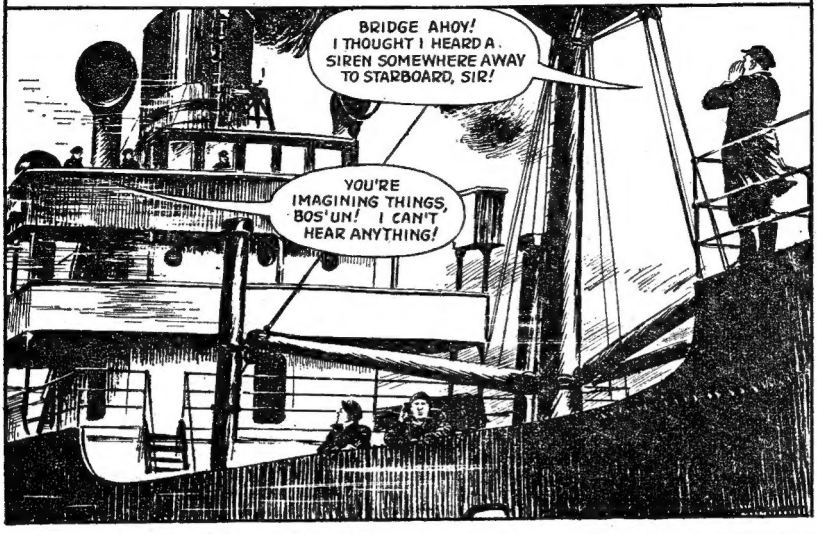
Chapter 1. 'Old Jonah'

IN THE GREY WINTER OF 1938, THE S.S. ***PILGRIM*** PLOUGHED A LONELY COURSE ACROSS THE BLEAK NORTH ATLANTIC ON HER HOMEWARD RUN FROM BALTIMORE.



THE YOUNG SECOND MATE HESITATED ONLY FOR A MOMENT, THEN SHOOK HIS HEAD . . .

WITHOUT SLACKENING SPEED, THE *PILGRIM* PLUNGED INTO THE MIST AND THE MEN ON WATCH SHIVERED AT THE SUDDEN DROP IN TEMPERATURE.



BUT THE EXPERIENCED EARS OF ANOTHER OLD SAILOR HAD HEARD THAT SAME FAINT SOUND. WITH A MUTTERED CURSE, CAPTAIN JOHN JOHNSON LEAPED FROM HIS BUNK.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON WAS JUSTIFIABLY ANGRY. DANGER TO HIS SHIP MIGHT LOOM FROM THE FOG AT ANY MOMENT AND HE ALONE WOULD BEAR THE RESPONSIBILITY.

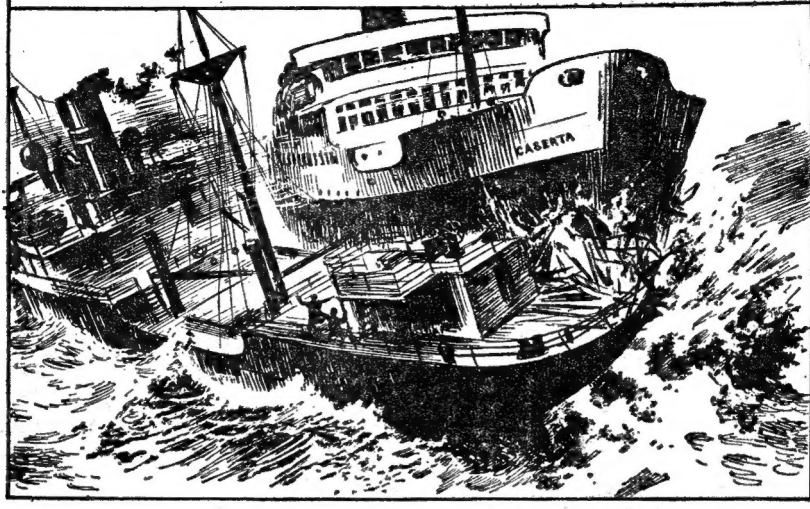
AS THE FURIOUS CAPTAIN STORMED ON TO THE BRIDGE, THE MOURNFUL SOUND OF A SHIP'S SIREN BOOMED AN EERIE WARNING FROM SOMEWHERE CLOSE AT HAND.

SUDDENLY, JOHNSON LEAPED FOR THE ENGINE ROOM TELEGRAPH. THE BOWS OF ANOTHER SHIP HAD LOOMED OUT OF THE MIST, HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARDS THEM.

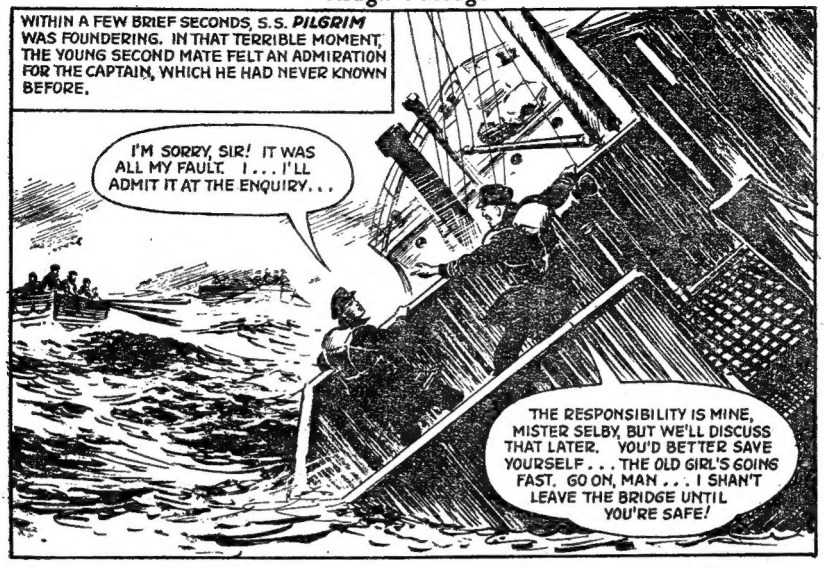
THE CHIEF ENGINEER SWUNG THE BIG REGULATING WHEEL TO ITS FULLEST EXTENT AND THE THUMP OF THE ENGINES INCREASED TO A DEAFENING CLATTER.

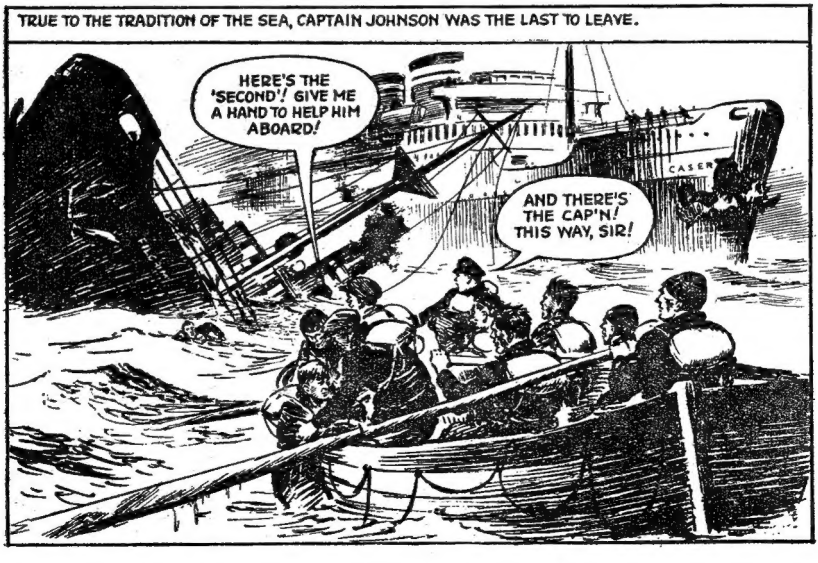
TREMBLING AND SHAKING IN EVERY RIVET, THE SHIP BEGAN TO GATHER SPEED. IN SECONDS, SHE WOULD BE CLEAR OF THE ONCOMING DANGER. ***THEN, DISASTER STRUCK!***

HER ENGINES WRECKED, THE *PILGRIM* FALTERED IN HER STRIDE. THE GIANT BOWS OF THE OTHER VESSEL STRUCK HER LIKE A BATTERING RAM . . .



A GREAT SECTION OF THE OLD CARGO SHIP'S STERN WAS RIPPED OFF AS IF IT WERE TINFOIL AND THE SEA POURED IN. CAPTAIN JOHNSON KNEW AT ONCE THAT HIS VESSEL WAS MORTALLY DAMAGED.

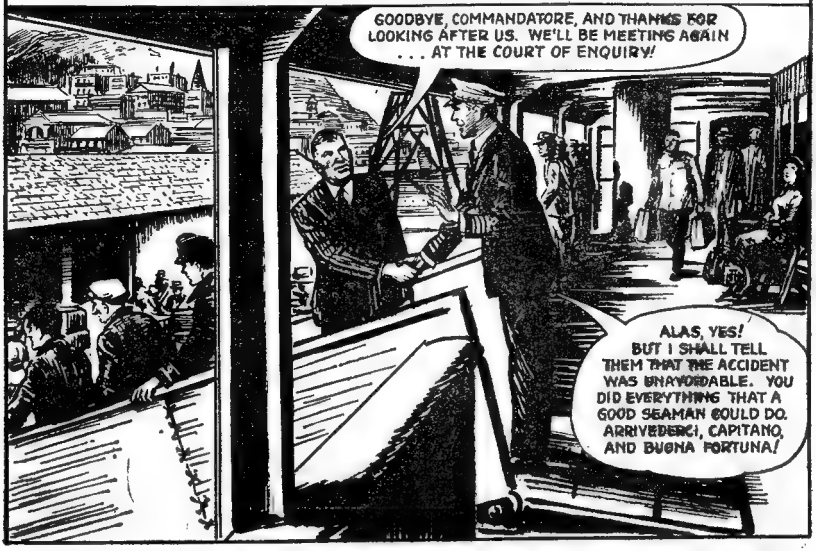

WITHIN A FEW BRIEF SECONDS, S.S. PILGRIM WAS FOUNDERING. IN THAT TERRIBLE MOMENT, THE YOUNG SECOND MATE FELT AN ADMIRATION FOR THE CAPTAIN, WHICH HE HAD NEVER KNOWN BEFORE.
I'M SORRY, SIR! IT WAS ALL MY FAULT. I . . . I'LL ADMIT IT AT THE ENQUIRY. . .
THE RESPONSIBILITY IS MINE, MISTER SELBY, BUT WE'LL DISCUSS THAT LATER. YOU'D BETTER SAVE YOURSELF . . . THE OLD GIRL'S GOING FAST. GO ON, MAN . . . I SHAN'T LEAVE THE BRIDGE UNTIL YOU'RE SAFE!


TRUE TO THE TRADITION OF THE SEA, CAPTAIN JOHNSON WAS THE LAST TO LEAVE.
HERE'S THE 'SECOND'! GIVE ME A HAND TO HELP HIM ABOARD!
AND THERE'S THE CAP'N! THIS WAY, SIR!
CASER

HALF AN HOUR LATER, IN THE LUXURIOUS SALOON OF THE ITALIAN SHIP WHICH HAD RAMMED THE ILL-FATED PILGRIM . . .
THIS IS A TERRIBLE BUSINESS, CAPTAIN! IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO AVOID YOUR SHIP WHEN SHE CAME OUT OF THE FOG. AT LEAST, WE MUST BE THANKFUL THERE WAS NO LOSS OF LIFE. ALL YOUR CREW WERE PICKED UP AND WILL BE CARED FOR UNTIL WE REACH GIBRALTAR.

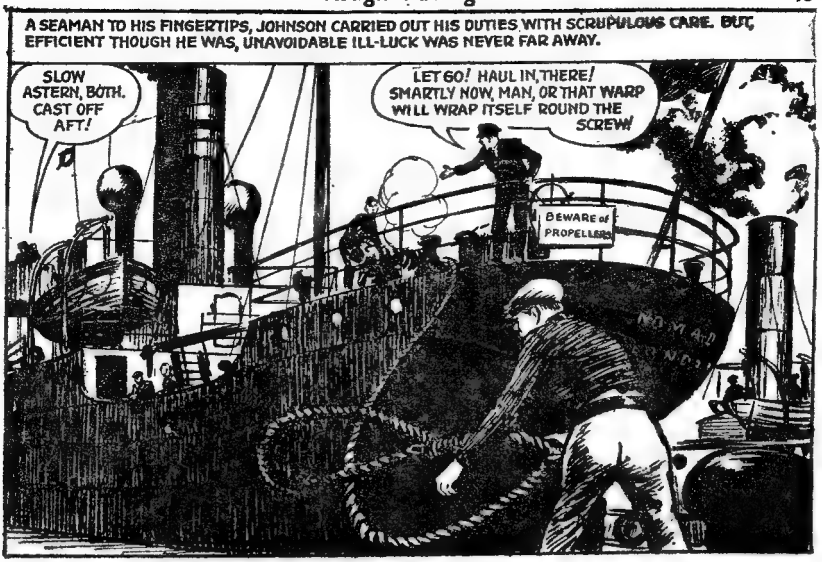
AND NOW I MUST INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM ENRICO DA SILVESTRA, COMMANDATORE OF THE MOTOR VESSEL, CASERTA. I UNDERSTAND FROM YOUR CHIEF OFFICER THAT YOU ARE CAPTAIN JOHNSON?
THAT'S RIGHT. KNOWN ALL OVER THE NORTH ATLANTIC AS 'JONAH' JOHNSON, THE UNLUCKIEST CAPTAIN AFLOAT!

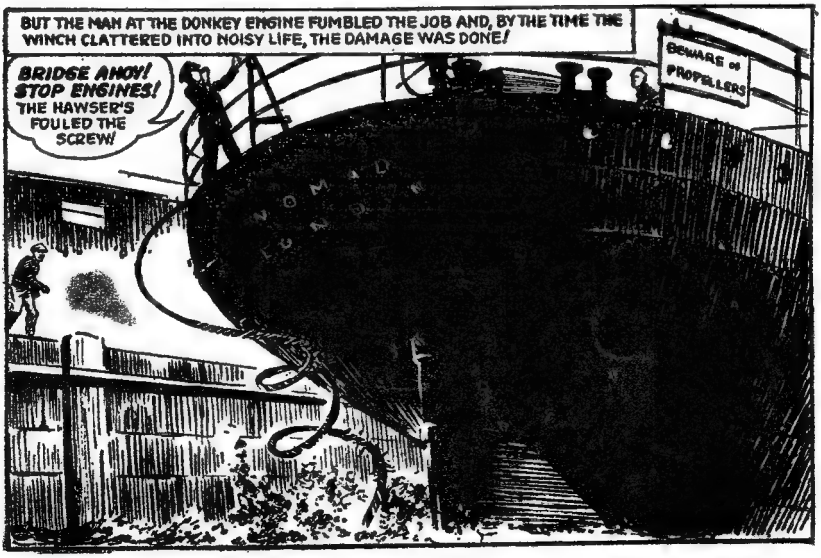
JONAH HELD NO GRUDGE AGAINST THE ITALIAN. THE LATTER HAD DONE ALL THAT HE COULD TO AVERT THE COLLISION AND, WHEN GIBRALTER WAS REACHED, THE TWO CAPTAINS PARTED AS FRIENDS.



WHEN THE SHIPWRECKED CREW EVENTUALLY REACHED ENGLAND, JONAH JOHNSON REPORTED AT ONCE TO THE POLITE BUT NOT VERY FRIENDLY OWNERS OF THE S.S. *PILGRIM*.

HIS NEW SHIP NOT BEING DUE TO SAIL FOR ANOTHER WEEK, JOHNSON VISITED HIS SON AT THE DARTMOUTH NAVAL COLLEGE.
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, RODNEY. HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON UP AT THE COLLEGE?
FINE, DAD! WITH ANY LUCK, I'LL BE SUB-LIEUTENANT JOHNSON BY NEXT SEPTEMBER!
I'M GLAD OF THAT, SON! YOU GOT MY LETTER TELLING YOU ABOUT THE OLD PILGRIM? NOW I'M DOWN TO SECOND MATE AND, EVEN IF I'M CLEARED AT THE ENQUIRY, I CAN'T SEE ANYONE GIVING ME ANOTHER COMMAND IN A HURRY. BUT THAT'S ENOUGH ABOUT ME. LET'S GET YOU LAUNCHED SUCCESSFULLY AND I'LL BE WELL SATISFIED!
THE NEXT FEW MONTHS WERE OF EXTREME HARDSHIP FOR THE FORMER CAPTAIN. BUT, FOR THE SAKE OF HIS SON, JONAH JOHNSON CARRIED ON WITHOUT COMPLAINT.
SHAKE SOME LIFE INTO THAT SLEEPWALKING GANG OF DECK-WALLOPERS, MISTER JOHNSON! I WANT TO SAIL ON THIS TIDE, NOT THE NEXT! YOU'RE NOT ON THE OLD PILGRIM NOW!
AYE AYE, SIR!


A SEAMAN TO HIS FINGERTIPS, JOHNSON CARRIED OUT HIS DUTIES WITH SCRUPULOUS CARE. BUT, EFFICIENT THOUGH HE WAS, UNAVOIDABLE ILL-LUCK WAS NEVER FAR AWAY.
SLOW ASTERN, BOTH. CAST OFF AFT!
LET GO! HAUL IN, THERE! SMARTLY NOW, MAN, OR THAT WARP WILL WRAP ITSELF ROUND THE SCREW!
BEWARE of PROPELLERS
NOMAD


BUT THE MAN AT THE DONKEY ENGINE FUMBLED THE JOB AND, BY THE TIME THE WINCH CLATTERED INTO NOISY LIFE, THE DAMAGE WAS DONE!
BRIDGE AHOY! STOP ENGINES! THE HAWSER'S FOULED THE SCREW!
BEWARE of PROPELLERS
NOMAD

THAT MISHAP NECESSITATED THE SERVICES OF A DIVER AND THE SAILING WAS DELAYED. FOR JOHNSON, IT WAS YET ANOTHER UNDESERVED BLOW.

LOOKS AS IF SHE'S CLEAR NOW, SIR!

AND NO THANKS TO YOU, MISTER! BY HOKEY, THAT HOLD-UP'S COST US A WHOLE DAY!

THE BOARD OF ENQUIRY! WHEN THE DAY CAME, JOHNSON FACED THE ORDEAL ALMOST WITH RELIEF . . .

WELL, THIS IS IT, COMMANDATORE! THIS IS WHERE I LOSE MY 'TICKET' AND START LOOKING FOR A JOB ASHORE!

BOARD OF TRADE

CHEER UP, MY FRIEND! MY OFFICERS AND I WILL ALL TESTIFY THAT IT WAS NO FAULT OF YOURS. COME, LET US GO INSIDE. AFTERWARDS, WE WILL CELEBRATE!

THE PROCEEDINGS DRAGGED ON. JOHNSON'S PROFESSIONAL FATE LAY TREMBLING IN THE BALANCE.

. . . IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THE SUDDEN BREAKDOWN OF THE ENGINES WAS THE MAIN CAUSE OF THE COLLISION. HAD YOU REPORTED THE CONDITION OF THE MACHINERY TO CAPTAIN JOHNSON?

AYE, I HAD THAT . . . ***AND*** HE HAD PLAGUED THE OWNERS TO HAVE THE AULD HEAP O' SCRAP-IRON REPLACED. BUT WI' NAE LUCK!

THE ITALIAN CAPTAIN'S EVIDENCE CAME NEXT AND THEN, AT LAST, IT WAS ALL OVER. HALF AN HOUR LATER . . .

CAPTAIN JOHNSON, THE BOARD EXONERATES YOU FROM BLAME AND DIRECTS THAT YOUR MASTER'S CERTIFICATE BE RESTORED. THE LOSS OF YOUR SHIP IS CONSIDERED TO BE DUE TO THE CONDITION OF THE ENGINES, AND FOR THIS THE OWNERS MUST TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY...

THAT EVENING WAS ONE OF THE GAYEST WHICH JONAH JOHNSON HAD KNOWN FOR MANY A LONG DAY.

NOW, SIGNORI, A TOAST TO CAPTAIN JOHNSON. MAY HE SOON COMMAND A SHIP AGAIN AND MAY WE ALWAYS MEET AS FRIENDS.

CAPTAIN, I GIVE YOU THE OLD SAILORS' TOAST OF 'FAIR WINDS AND GOOD VOYAGES'!

BUT NEITHER CAPTAIN GUESSED HOW SOON AND UNDER WHAT VASTLY DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES THEIR NEXT MEETING WAS DESTINED TO BE!

AND SO JOHN JOHNSON, MASTER MARINER, SET FORTH ONCE MORE TO SEEK A NEW COMMAND. BUT HIS HIGH HOPES WERE SPEEDILY DASHED . . .

I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN, BUT YOUR RECENT PERFORMANCE AS SECOND OFFICER OF THE *NOMAD* MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO USE YOU IN ANY CAPACITY. PERHAPS SOME OTHER COMPANY..?

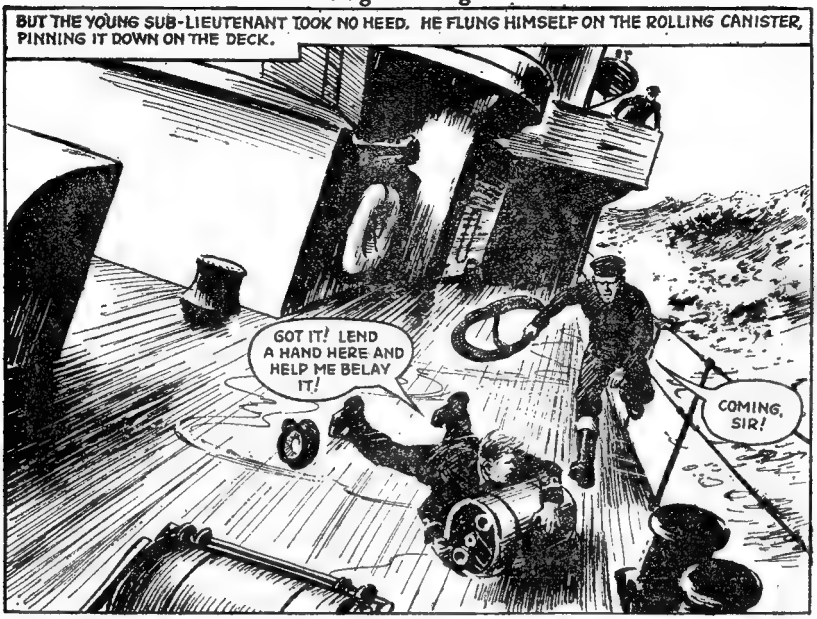
I SEE! YOU'VE TAKEN A WELL DESERVED TICKING OFF AT THE ENQUIRY AND YOU'RE PASSING IT ON. YOU CAN GO TO BLAZES, YOU MEALY-MOUTHED BILGE RATS. IT'S A PRIVILEGE TO BE LEAVING YOU!

THAT ANGRY OUTBURST CHECKED THE MOOD OF DESPAIR THAT HAD BEGUN TO RETURN TO JOHNSON. THEN, IN THE STREET OUTSIDE . . .
CHEER UP, CAP'N! THEY WOULDNAE TAK' ME BACK, EITHER. WHY DON'T YE PUT YOURSEL' DOON FOR A BIT O' EXTRA TRAINING ON FULL PAY? THE ADMIRALTY WOULD JUMP AT THE OFFER W' ALL THIS TALK O' WAR GOING ON!
BY HOKEY, JOCK, IT'S AN IDEA! I HAVEN'T DONE MY ANNUAL R.N.R. TRAINING THIS YEAR — AND IT WILL HELP ME OVER FOR A WEEK OR TWO!
DAILY MI
NAZIS
MARCH INTO
PRAGUE
A FEW DAYS LATER . . .
LIEUTENANT JOHNSON, SIR, REPORTING FOR ANNUAL RESERVE TRAINING!
GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US, LIEUTENANT. WE CAN USE ALL THE EXPERIENCED OFFICERS WE CAN LAY OUR HANDS ON JUST NOW . . .

JOHNSON WAS SHOWN TO HIS CABIN. HALF AN HOUR LATER, A FAMILIAR FIGURE SUDDENLY BURST IN . . .
HELLO, DAD! WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU DOING ABOARD?
FIRST, SON — CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR PROMOTION . . .
AS TO WHY I'M HERE. THE COMPANY WOULDN'T TAKE ME BACK EVEN THOUGH I WAS CLEARED AT THE ENQUIRY, AND AS I DIDN'T FANCY HANGING MY BOOTS UP, I JOINED THE R.N.R. FOR A BIT OF ACTION!

NEXT DAY, THE CRUISER SLIPPED OUT OF SPITHEAD AND MADE HER WAY UP-CHANNEL. ON THE CONTINENT, EVENTS WERE TAKING A FATEFUL TURN AND THE ROYAL NAVY, AS EVER, WAS READY.

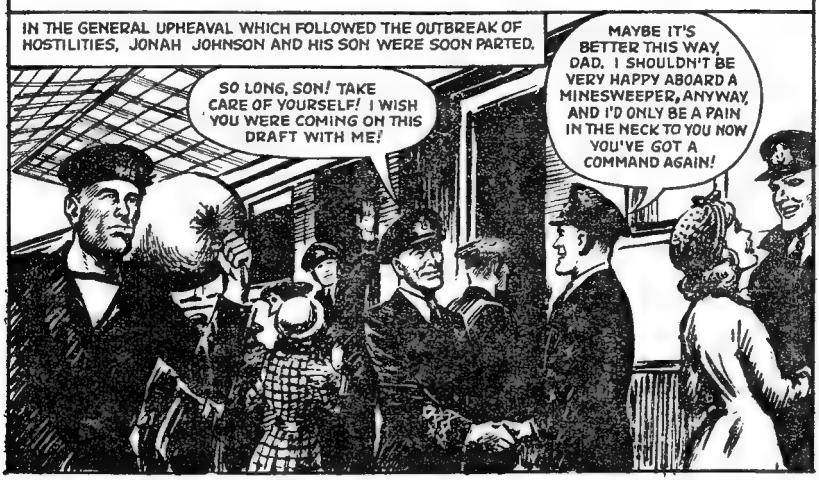
IN THE MANOEUVRES THAT FOLLOWED, JOHNSON HAD PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY TO OBSERVE HIS SON SETTLE DOWN RAPIDLY IN HIS NEW ENVIRONMENT.

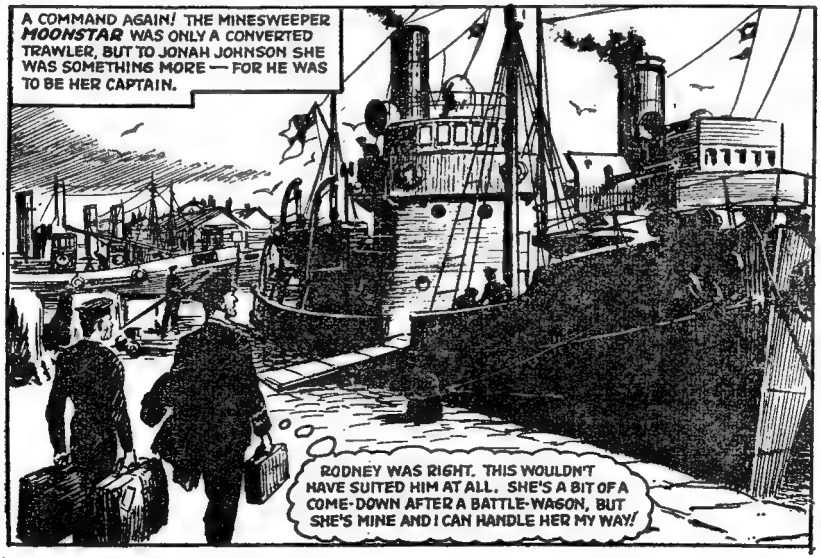

BUT THE YOUNG SUB-LIEUTENANT TOOK NO HEED. HE FLUNG HIMSELF ON THE ROLLING CANISTER, PINNING IT DOWN ON THE DECK.
GOT IT! LEND A HAND HERE AND HELP ME BELAY IT!
COMING, SIR!

AS THE CHARGE WAS MADE FAST, THE SAILOR GLANCED AT THE FUSE SETTING —— AND HIS FACE WENT WHITE!
LUMME, SIR! IT WASN'T SET TO 'SAFE'— IT'S ON 'SHALLOW' SETTING! IF IT HAD GONE OVERSIDE IT WOULD HAVE BLOWN OUR STERN OFF!
YOU'RE RIGHT! AND IF WE SHIP A SEA IT CAN STILL GO OFF! RE-SET IT TO 'SAFE', QUICK!

BARELY HAD THE VITAL ADJUSTMENT BEEN MADE THAN A HEAVY SEA CRASHED OVER THE STERN. DISASTER HAD BEEN AVERTED BY A HAIR'S BREADTH!
SO IT WASN'T AT 'SAFE' AFTER ALL! HE'S SAVED THE SHIP— AND IF HE'D LISTENED TO ME HE'D HAVE LET THAT 'BRICK' GO OVER THE SIDE.
IN THE WARDROOM, JOHNSON SAT PROUDLY WITH HIS SON.
YOU HANDLED THAT WELL, RODNEY— BUT YOU WERE DEAD LUCKY! YOU SHOULD HAVE LET IT GO!
THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US, DAD! YOUR GENERATION'S FAR TOO CAUTIOUS. IN THIS CASE, IT WOULDN'T HAVE PAID OFF, WOULD IT?
AT THAT MOMENT, A SIGNAL RATING RUSHED IN EXCITEDLY, AND A SUDDEN HUSH DESCENDED UPON THE CROWDED WARDROOM.
LISTEN, GENTLEMEN! WAR HAS BEEN DECLARED! ALL SHIPS ARE ORDERED TO PROCEED TO WAR STATIONS AT FULL SPEED AND PREPARE FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION. THE CAPTAIN WILL ADDRESS THE SHIP'S COMPANY AT TWO BELLS!

Chapter 2. Target Bearing

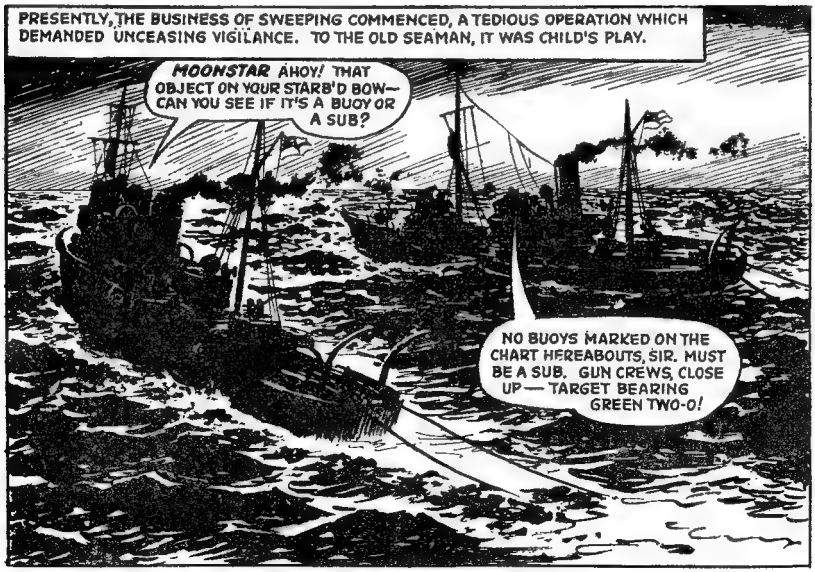




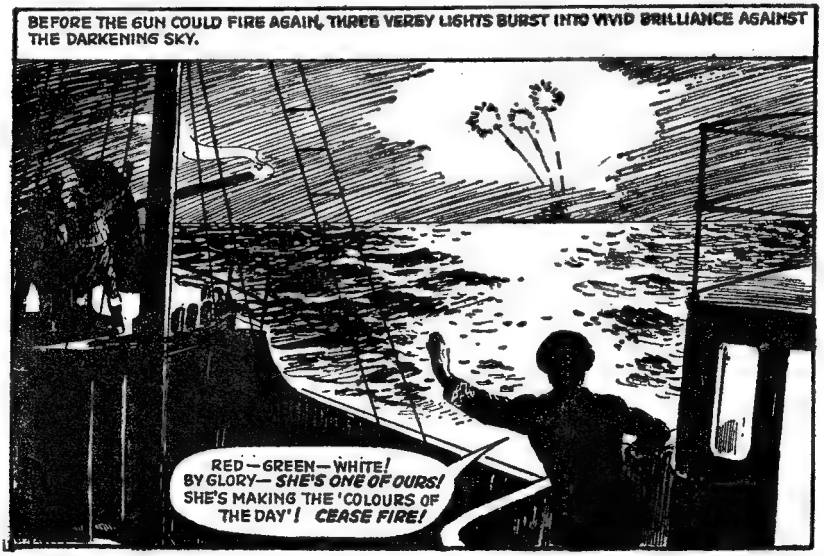
BUT, ALTHOUGH HE COMMANDED THE ***MOONSTAR***, JOHNSON WAS STILL VERY MUCH UNDER ORDERS, AS HE QUICKLY DISCOVERED . . .

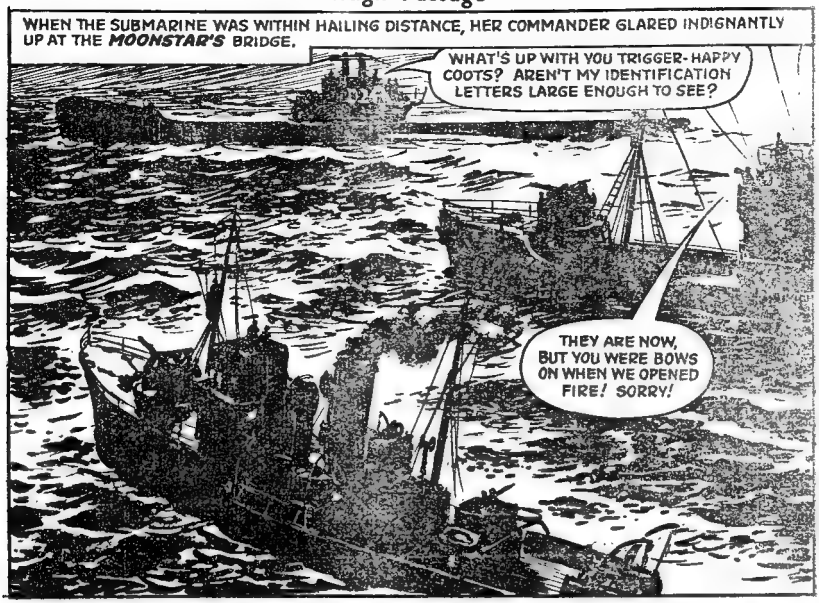
AS BELLAMY-PRICE STEPPED ABOARD HIS OWN SHIP, ***SEA-OTTER***, THE OFFICER FROM WHOM JOHNSON WAS TAKING OVER COMMAND GAVE HIM A SYMPATHETIC GRIN.

WHEN THE MINESWEEPERS SAILED THAT EVENING, JOHNSON WAS DETERMINED TO SHOW THE YOUNG FLOTILLA COMMANDER SOME REAL SEAMANSHIP. HIS HANDLING OF MOONSTAR WAS FAULTLESS.
H'M! NOT BAD! NOT BAD AT ALL FOR AN OLD 'DUG-UP'!


PRESENTLY, THE BUSINESS OF SWEEPING COMMENCED, A TEDIOUS OPERATION WHICH DEMANDED UNCEASING VIGILANCE. TO THE OLD SEAMAN, IT WAS CHILD'S PLAY.
MOONSTAR AHOY! THAT OBJECT ON YOUR STARB'D BOW— CAN YOU SEE IF IT'S A BUOY OR A SUB?
NO BUOYS MARKED ON THE CHART HEREABOUTS, SIR. MUST BE A SUB. GUN CREWS, CLOSE UP — TARGET BEARING GREEN TWO-O!

MY GUNS CAN'T BEAR ON HER WITHOUT HITTING YOU! SHE'S ALL YOURS, MOONSTAR!
AYE AYE, SIR! NUMBER ONE GUN— FIRE!


BEFORE THE GUN COULD FIRE AGAIN, THREE VERSEY LIGHTS BURST INTO VIVID BRILLIANCE AGAINST THE DARKENING SKY.
RED—GREEN—WHITE! BY GLORY— SHE'S ONE OF OURS! SHE'S MAKING THE 'COLOURS OF THE DAY'! CEASE FIRE!


WHEN THE SUBMARINE WAS WITHIN HAILING DISTANCE, HER COMMANDER GLARED INDIGNANTLY UP AT THE MOONSTAR'S BRIDGE.
WHAT'S UP WITH YOU TRIGGER-HAPPY COOTS? AREN'T MY IDENTIFICATION LETTERS LARGE ENOUGH TO SEE?
THEY ARE NOW, BUT YOU WERE BOWS ON WHEN WE OPENED FIRE! SORRY!

JONAH FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE INCIDENT AND A WEEK PASSED UNEVENTFULLY. THEN, IN HARBOUR ONE DAY . . .
LOOK, JOHNSON — WE, OR RATHER, YOU, ARE IN TROUBLE! THAT SUB. YOU FIRED AT SUFFERED SOME SUPERFICIAL DAMAGE. NOW THE ADMIRAL WANTS TO SEE US!
HE WOULD! EVEN WHEN I DO THE RIGHT THING IT'S WRONG. THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES WITH ME!

MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, A SLEEK DESTROYER WAS THRESHING ALONG AT FULL SPEED. ON HER BRIDGE, SUB-LIEUTENANT RODNEY JOHNSON PEERED THROUGH HIS GLASSES.

LAUNCH BEARING RED ONE-FIVE, HARRY. COULD BE AN E-BOAT!

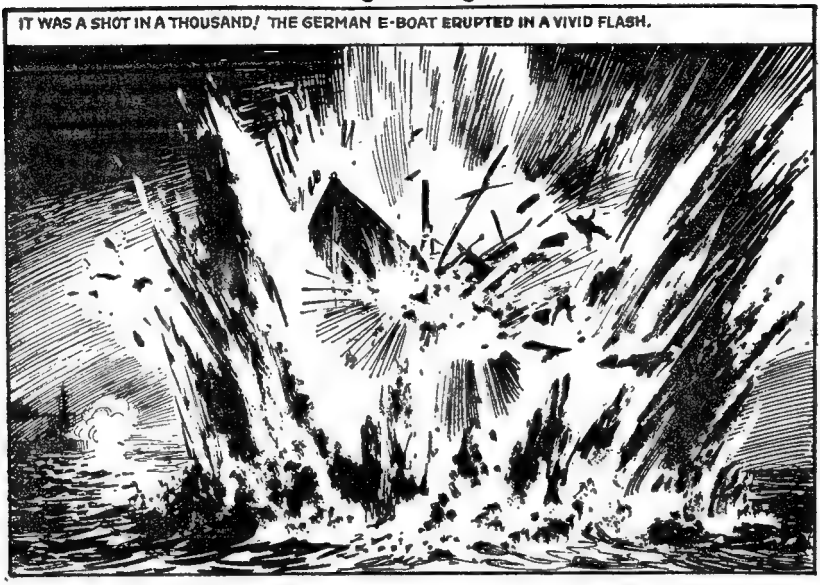
LET ME HAVE A SHUFTI!

GUN CREWS, CLOSE UP! 'A' AND 'B' TURRETS, TARGET BEARING RED ONE-THREE. STAND BY.

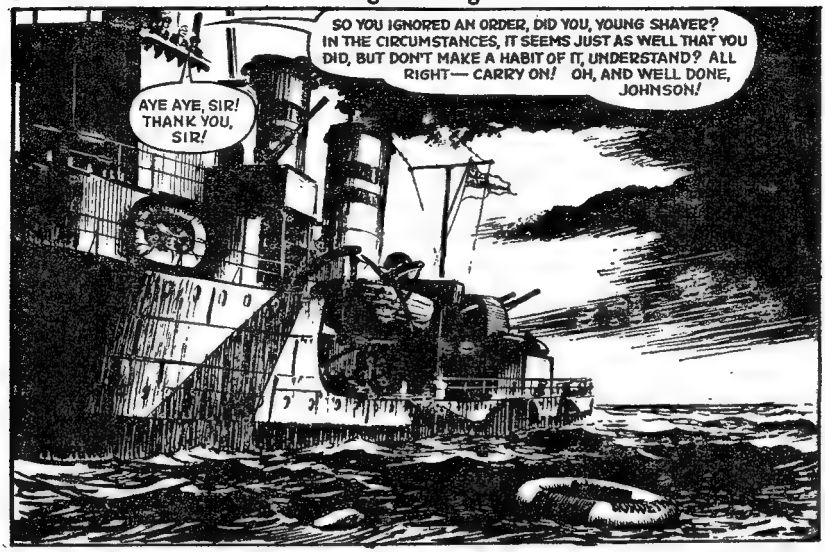
HOLD IT, ROD— I CAN'T QUITE MAKE HER OUT. SHE COULD BE ONE OF OURS. I'LL FLASH A CHALLENGE.

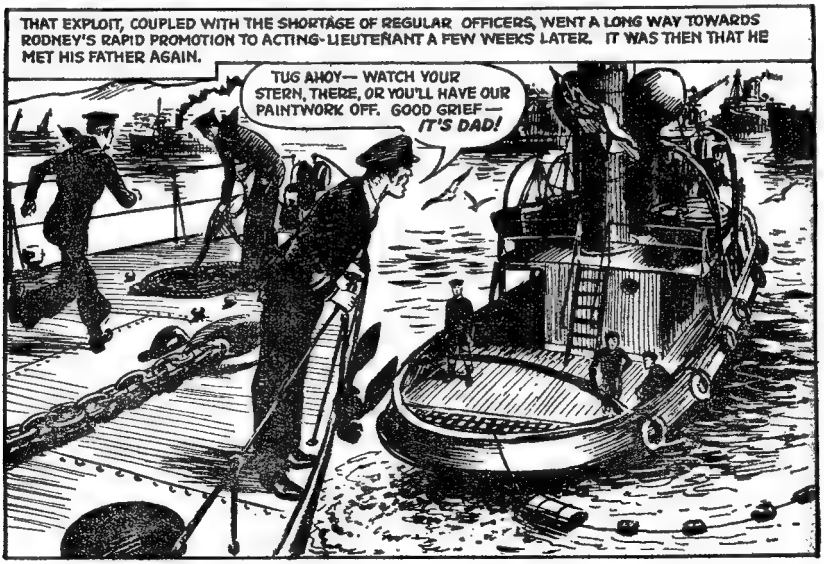
BUT SUB-LIEUTENANT JOHNSON, WITH ALL THE WISDOM OF SIX MONTHS AT SEA, HAD MADE HIS OWN DECISION . . .

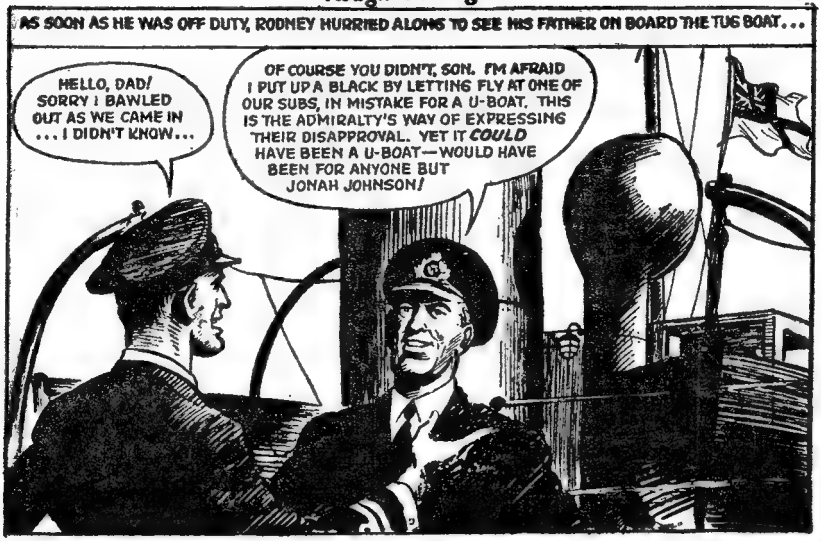
'A' AND 'B' TURRETS — FIRE!


IT WAS A SHOT IN A THOUSAND! THE GERMAN E-BOAT ERUPTED IN A VIVID FLASH.

ABOARD THE DESTROYER, THE CAPTAIN CAME CLATTERING ON TO THE BRIDGE. FRESH FROM HIS BUNK AND STILL HALF BEMUSED WITH SLEEP, HE WAS NOT IN THE BEST OF TEMPERS.
WHAT THE BLUE BLAZES IS GOING ON? WHO ORDERED THE FORE-TURRETS TO FIRE? WHAT THE DICKENS WERE THEY FIRING AT?
I DID, SIR. LIEUTENANT PERKINS TOLD ME TO HOLD IT, BUT I COULD SEE IT WAS AN E-BOAT. THEY WERE JUST ABOUT TO SLIP A TINFISH INTO US, SO I GAVE THE ORDER.


SO YOU IGNORED AN ORDER, DID YOU, YOUNG SHAVER? IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT SEEMS JUST AS WELL THAT YOU DID, BUT DON'T MAKE A HABIT OF IT, UNDERSTAND? ALL RIGHT— CARRY ON! OH, AND WELL DONE, JOHNSON!
AYE AYE, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR!


THAT EXPLOIT, COUPLED WITH THE SHORTAGE OF REGULAR OFFICERS, WENT A LONG WAY TOWARDS RODNEY'S RAPID PROMOTION TO ACTING-LIEUTENANT A FEW WEEKS LATER. IT WAS THEN THAT HE MET HIS FATHER AGAIN.
TUG AHOY— WATCH YOUR STERN, THERE, OR YOU'LL HAVE OUR PAINTWORK OFF. GOOD GRIEF— IT'S DAD!

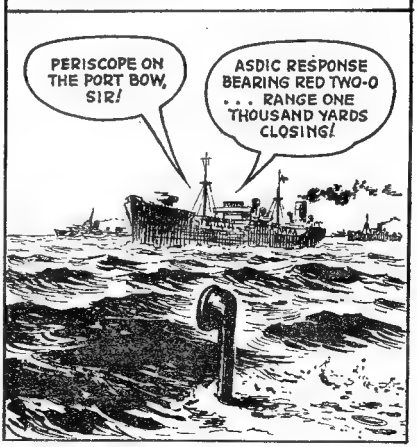

AS SOON AS HE WAS OFF DUTY, RODNEY HURRIED ALONG TO SEE HIS FATHER ON BOARD THE TUG BOAT...
HELLO, DAD! SORRY I BAWLED OUT AS WE CAME IN ... I DIDN'T KNOW...
OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T, SON. I'M AFRAID I PUT UP A BLACK BY LETTING FLY AT ONE OF OUR SUBS, IN MISTAKE FOR A U-BOAT. THIS IS THE ADMIRALTY'S WAY OF EXPRESSING THEIR DISAPPROVAL. YET IT COULD HAVE BEEN A U-BOAT—WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR ANYONE BUT JONAH JOHNSON!

THE FLASH OF BITTERNESS PASSED AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD COME. THE OLDER MAN GLANCED WITH PRIDE AT HIS SON'S GOLD-LACED SLEEVE.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, RODNEY? YOU GOT YOUR PROMOTION PRETTY QUICKLY, DIDN'T YOU?
YES! MANAGED TO BAG AN E-BOAT. IT WAS MORE BY LUCK THAN JUDGMENT, BUT IT'LL BE YOUR TURN NEXT, DAD— BAD LUCK CAN'T LAST FOR EVER.

BUT BAD LUCK DID PERSIST AND AS THE MONTHS ROLLED BY, JONAH BECAME RESIGNED TO WHAT APPEARED TO BE THE INEVITABLE. THEN CAME A POSTING TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.

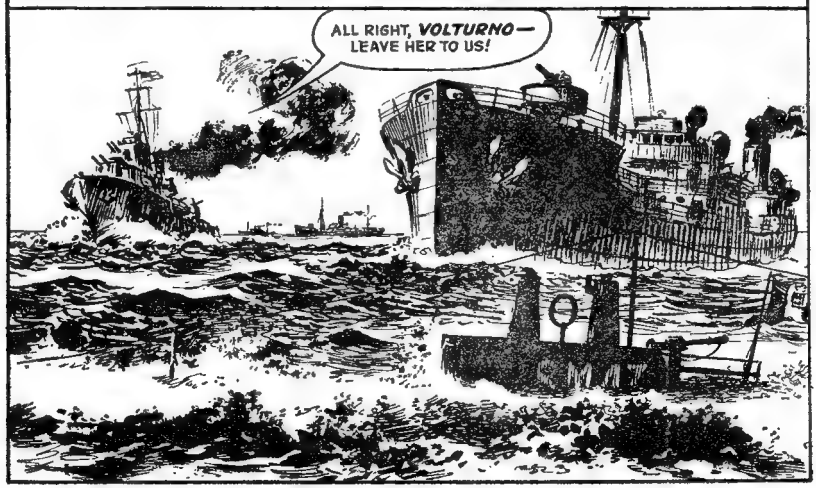
JOHNSON KNEW THAT THE PROMOTION WAS A KINDLY ACT OF 'FACE SAVING' FROM ONE OLD SAILOR TO ANOTHER. HE ACCEPTED IT WITH GRATEFUL RESIGNATION.

A MILE AWAY, A SLENDER STEEL TUBE EMERGED FROM THE BLUE WATERS AS A LURKING SUBMARINE ANGLED TO INTERCEPT THE APPROACHING SHIPS.



AS THE TANKER'S CREW WENT TO ACTION STATIONS, THE CONNING TOWER OF THE SUBMARINE BROKE SURFACE. A SIGNAL LAMP BLINKED RAPIDLY IN MORSE.

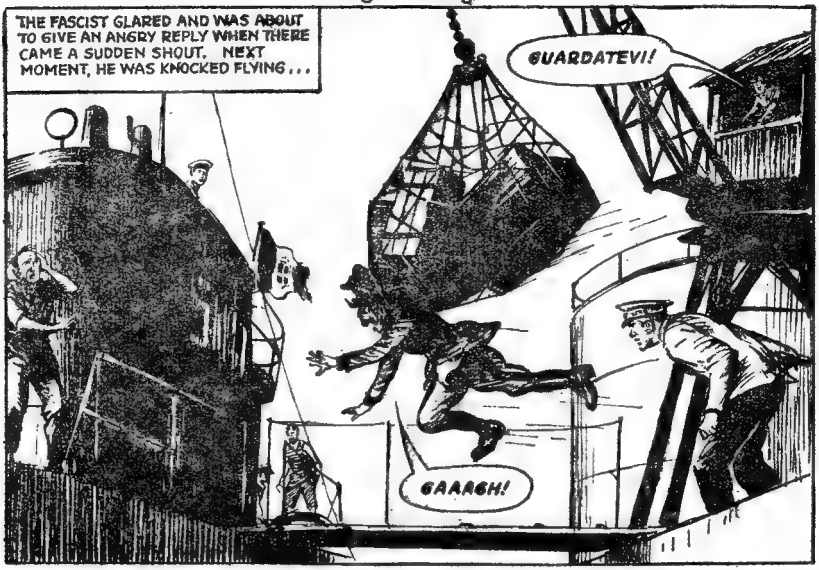
THE YOUNG COMMANDER IGNORED THE CAUTIOUS ADVICE. BUT HIS INTENDED VICTIM WAS TOO QUICK FOR HIM. IN A FLURRY OF FOAM THE SUBMARINE CRASH-DIVED . . .

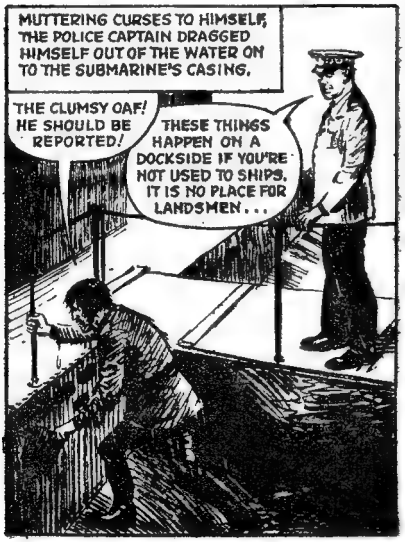


DOWN BELOW IN THE SUBMARINE, THE ITALIAN SECOND-IN-COMMAND LISTENED TO THE THUDDING DEPTH CHARGES AND TURNED ANGRILY TOWARDS HIS CAPTAIN.

THE SUBMARINE WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE UNSCATHED AT THE ITALIAN BASE AT TARANTO, A WEEK LATER...

FROM THE START IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THE TWO MEN COULD NEVER WORK IN HARMONY...


THE FASCIST GLARED AND WAS ABOUT TO GIVE AN ANGRY REPLY WHEN THERE CAME A SUDDEN SHOUT. NEXT MOMENT, HE WAS KNOCKED FLYING...
GUARDATEVI!
GAAAGH!


MUTTERING CURSES TO HIMSELF, THE POLICE CAPTAIN DRAGGED HIMSELF OUT OF THE WATER ON TO THE SUBMARINE'S CASING.
THE CLUMSY OAF! HE SHOULD BE REPORTED!
THESE THINGS HAPPEN ON A DOCKSIDE IF YOU'RE NOT USED TO SHIPS. IT IS NO PLACE FOR LANDSMEN...

AT SEA, TWO DAYS LATER, THE S.M.47 CAME UPON THE SCENE OF A RECENT SINKING. CAPTAIN PERFIDO WAS JUBILANT.
SUBMARINE AHOY! CAN YOU SPARE US SOME WATER? OUR CASK IS SMASHED!
MAN THE MACHINE GUN! KILL THE ENEMY PIGS!

THE ITALIAN GUNNER HESITATED AND PERFIDO WOULD HAVE MANNED THE WEAPON HIMSELF HAD HE NOT BEEN ROUGHLY THRUST ASIDE BY THE SUBMARINE'S COMMANDER.
I WILL DO IT MYSELF — AAGH!
STAND BACK, YOU COWARDLY CUR! MARINO, GO BELOW AND FETCH WATER CANS FOR THESE POOR FELLOWS!
SI, SIGNORE COMMANDATORE!

THE POLICE CAPTAIN RUBBED THE BACK OF HIS HEAD WHICH HAD STRUCK THE PERISCOPE STAND AND WATCHED FURIOUSLY AS THE WATER WAS PASSED DOWN TO THE SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.
THANKS, CAPTAIN! YOU'RE A GENTLEMAN, WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY OF THAT PERISHING GERMAN U-BOAT SKIPPER WHO SANK US!
YOU ARE WELCOME! YOU SHOULD REACH LAND SAFELY NOW. BUONA FORTUNA!
SM47

THE INCIDENT DID NOTHING TO IMPROVE RELATIONS BETWEEN DA SILVESTRA AND THE FASCIST POLICE OFFICER. NEXT DAY, PERFIDO THOUGHT HE SAW HIS CHANCE TO MAKE THE STUBBORN COMMANDER DO HIS BIDDING . . .

DA SILVESTRA MOVED AS IF TO CARRY OUT THE COMMAND. THEN HE POINTED UPWARDS TOWARDS THE EMPTY BLUE SKY, SHOUTING . . .

THE RUSE WORKED, FOR THE COWARDLY FASCIST HAD NOT PAUSED TO SEE FOR HIMSELF IF AN AIRCRAFT WAS ACTUALLY APPROACHING.

Chapter 3. Boarding Party

MEANWHILE, AT BRITISH NAVAL HEADQUARTERS IN ALEXANDRIA . . .

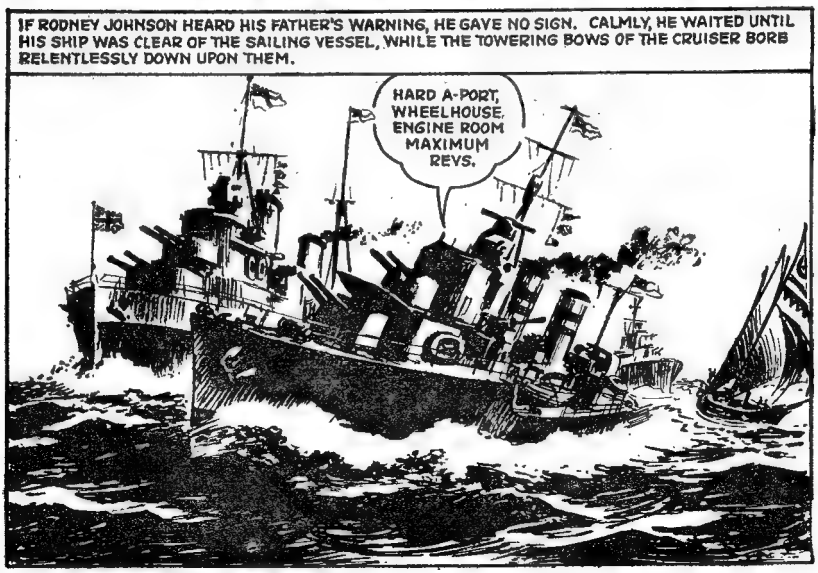
TWO WEEKS WERE TO PASS BEFORE THE RAIDING FORCE WAS ASSEMBLED. LIEUTENANT RODNEY JOHNSON WATCHED AS A PRIZE CREW BOARDED HIS DESTROYER.

WELL, I'LL BE BLOWED — RODNEY!
WELCOME ABOARD, DAD! YOU'LL BE SHARING MY CABIN WITH ME. I'LL SEE YOU THERE FOR A NATTER WHEN I COME OFF WATCH!

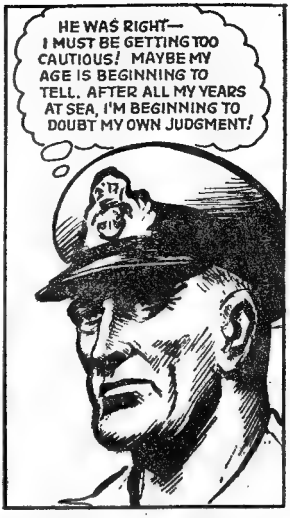
AT LAST, THE FLOTILLA SET COURSE FOR THE OPEN SEA, STEERING AS IF BOUND FOR MALTA IN ORDER TO MISLEAD PRYING EYES ASHORE.
SHOULD WE RADIO AXIS HEADQUARTERS AND TELL THEM ABOUT THESE SHIPS, ACHMET?
NO, THEY ARE HEADING FOR MALTA — IT IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THEY WILL BE LUCKY IF THEY ALL REACH VALETTA!

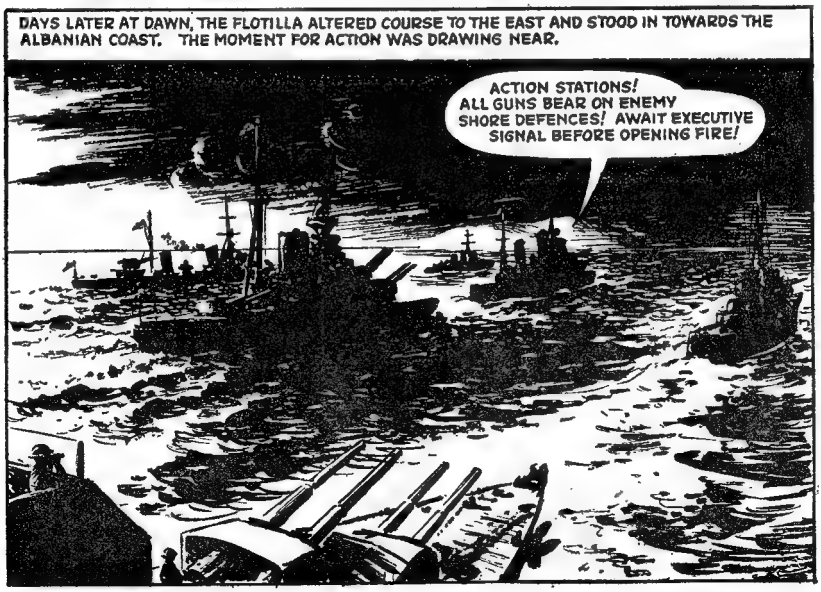
OUT OF SIGHT OF LAND, THE RAIDERS ALTERED COURSE TO THE NORTHWARD. ON THE BRIDGE, JONAH SPOKE TO THE DESTROYER'S CAPTAIN . . .
IF I CAN BE OF ANY USE WHILE I'M ABOARD, I'LL BE GLAD TO LEND A HAND. I KNOW THESE WATERS PRETTY WELL — USED TO TRADE UP TO BARI AND THE DALMATIAN PORTS BEFORE THE WAR!
WE'LL BE GLAD OF YOUR HELP, JOHNSON. I'LL LEAVE YOU TO SHARE THE STARB'D WATCH WITH YOUR SON!

IT WAS AN HOUR LATER, WHEN JONAH JOHNSON HAD ANOTHER TASTE OF A YOUNG MAN'S HAIR-TRIGGER REACTIONS TO AN EMEMERGENCY.
DEVIL TAKE THESE DHOWS! HARD A-STARB'D, WHEELHOUSE!
RODNEY! LOOK OUT — YOU'LL BE ATHWART THE CRUISER'S BOWS!

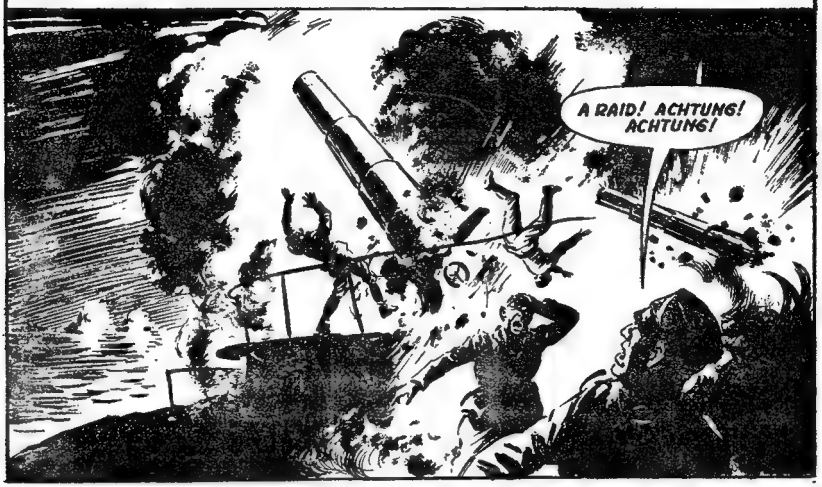

IF RODNEY JOHNSON HEARD HIS FATHER'S WARNING, HE GAVE NO SIGN. CALMLY, HE WAITED UNTIL HIS SHIP WAS CLEAR OF THE SAILING VESSEL, WHILE THE TOWERING BOWS OF THE CRUISER BORE RELENTLESSLY DOWN UPON THEM.
HARD A-PORT, WHEELHOUSE. ENGINE ROOM MAXIMUM REVS.

IN A FEW MOMENTS THEY WERE CLEAR AND BACK ON STATION.
THAT WAS A PRETTY RISKY THING TO DO, RODNEY!
IT CAME OFF, DAD! IF I'D SLACKENED SPEED WE'D HAVE HAD THE NEXT IN LINE CLIMBING OVER OUR STERN, AND IF I'D TURNED TO PORT WE'D HAVE HIT THE DHOW!

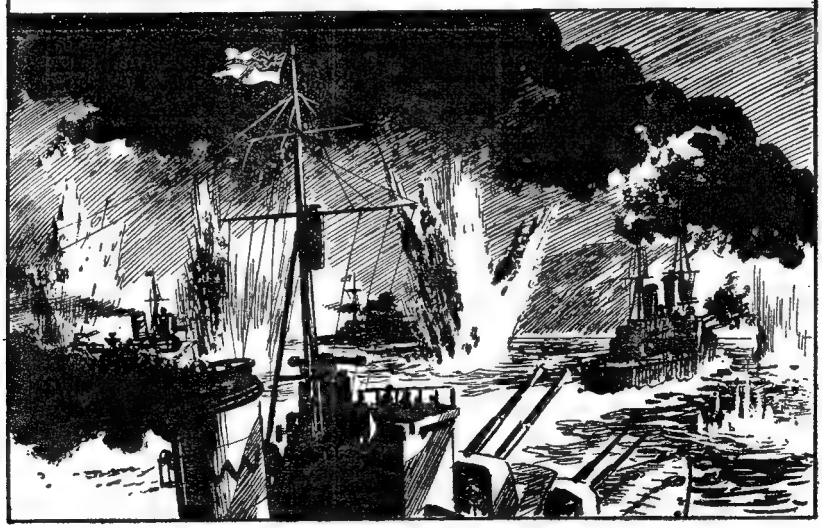

HE WAS RIGHT— I MUST BE GETTING TOO CAUTIOUS! MAYBE MY AGE IS BEGINNING TO TELL. AFTER ALL MY YEARS AT SEA, I'M BEGINNING TO DOUBT MY OWN JUDGMENT!


DAYS LATER AT DAWN, THE FLOTILLA ALTERED COURSE TO THE EAST AND STOOD IN TOWARDS THE ALBANIAN COAST. THE MOMENT FOR ACTION WAS DRAWING NEAR.
ACTION STATIONS! ALL GUNS BEAR ON ENEMY SHORE DEFENCES! AWAIT EXECUTIVE SIGNAL BEFORE OPENING FIRE!

THE FIRST INKLING THE ENEMY HAD OF THE IMPENDING RAID WAS WHEN THE INITIAL SALVO CRASHED WITH UNCANNY ACCURACY UPON THE CHOSEN TARGETS. IN A MOMENT, ALL WAS CONFUSION.



EVERY GERMAN GUN THAT SURVIVED THAT FIRST BOMBARDMENT CRASHED INTO VIOLENT RESPONSE, RAVAGING THE APPROACHES TO THE PORT.



THE LEADING DESTROYER PLUNGED INTO THE BARRAGE AND RACED TOWARDS HER OBJECTIVE. BUT SHE DID NOT EMERGE UNSCATHED.

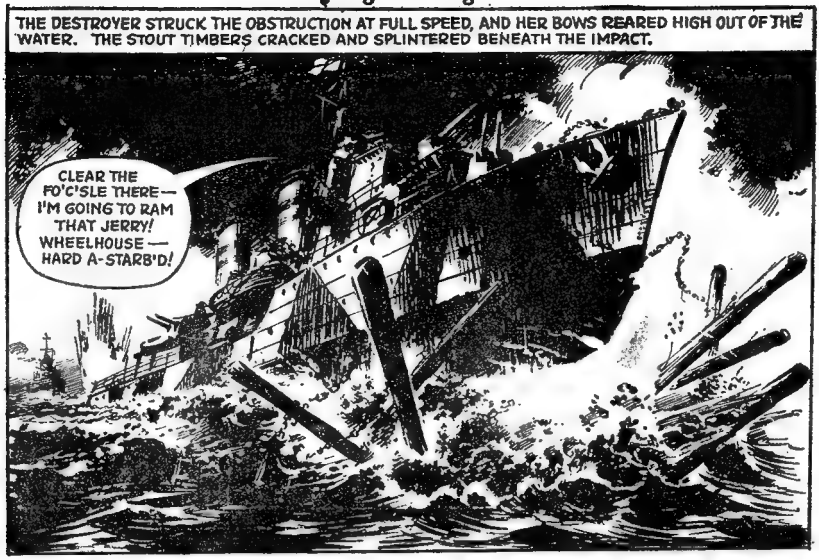
DAD— ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, BUT YOUR CAPTAIN HAS CAUGHT A PACKET. YOU'RE IN COMMAND NOW, LAD. I'LL BE YOUR NUMBER ONE UNTIL IT'S TIME TO TAKE MY MOB ASHORE!

THEN THEY WERE THROUGH THE RAIN OF SHELLS AND THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE SEEMED TO FAIRLY LEAP TOWARDS THEM.

FOR PETE'S SAKE, SLOW DOWN, RODNEY! GO FULL ASTERN AND GET THE WAY OFF HER, OR YOU'LL LOSE YOUR PROPS ON THAT BOOM!

PIPE DOWN, DAD, AND *HANG ON!*

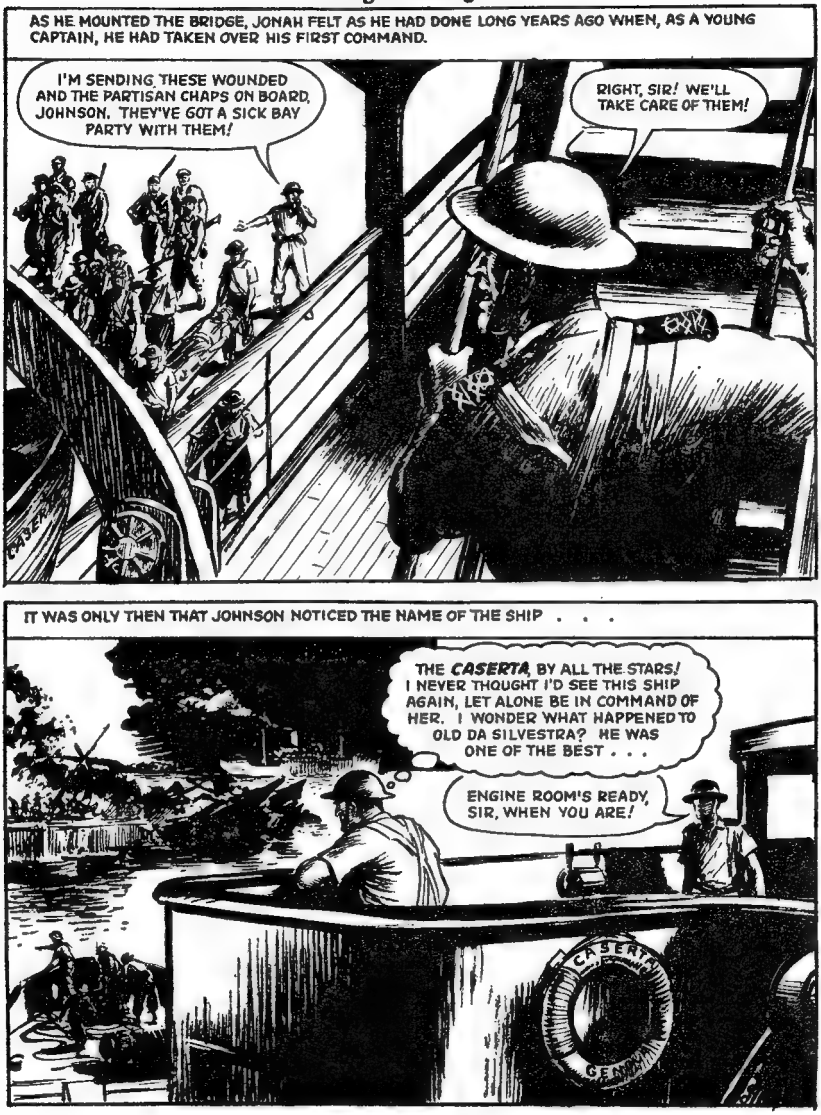

THE DESTROYER STRUCK THE OBSTRUCTION AT FULL SPEED, AND HER BOWS REARED HIGH OUT OF THE WATER. THE STOUT TIMBERS CRACKED AND SPLINTERED BENEATH THE IMPACT.
CLEAR THE FO'C'SLE THERE— I'M GOING TO RAM THAT JERRY! WHEELHOUSE — HARD A-STARB'D!

SHORN OF HER PROPELLERS, BUT STILL CARRIED FORWARD BY THE IMPETUS OF THAT MAD RUSH, THE DESTROYER SLEWED ROUND IN A HALF CIRCLE AND HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE SIDE OF THE ENEMY SHIP.
FOREDECK CREW, CLOSE UP. PREPARE TO BOARD! HOLD TIGHT— HERE IT COMES!

WITH A SCREAM OF TORTURED METAL, THE SHARP BOWS BIT DEEPLY INTO THE SIDE OF THE GERMAN SHIP. NEXT MOMENT, THE BRITISH CREW WERE SWARMING OVER THE SIDE.
ACH! KILL THE MAD ENGLANDER SWINE!
WITH THE TWO SHIPS SINKING BENEATH THEIR FEET, THE BOARDING PARTY FORCED THE DAZED AND BEWILDERED ENEMY BACK.
THANKS, DAD! HOW'S THIS FOR A TROPHY?
I'LL CONSIDER MY OWN SKIN AS TROPHY ENOUGH IF I CAN GET AWAY WITH IT, SON! YOU TAKE TOO MANY RISKS FOR MY LIKING!

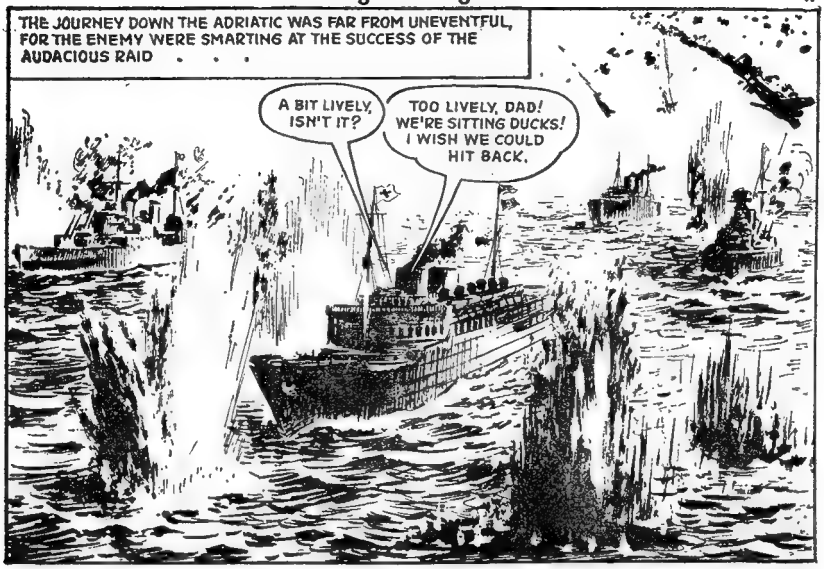
NOW WAS THE TIME FOR JONAH TO LEAD HIS OWN CREW TO THE TASK FOR WHICH THEY HAD BEEN DETAILED. SCRAMBLING FROM THE SINKING SHIP, THEY REACHED THE QUAY.
NUMBER FIVE PRIZE CREW — THIS WAY! THERE'S YOUR SHIP! GET HER OUT, FAST!
AYE AYE, SIR! FOLLOW ME, MEN!

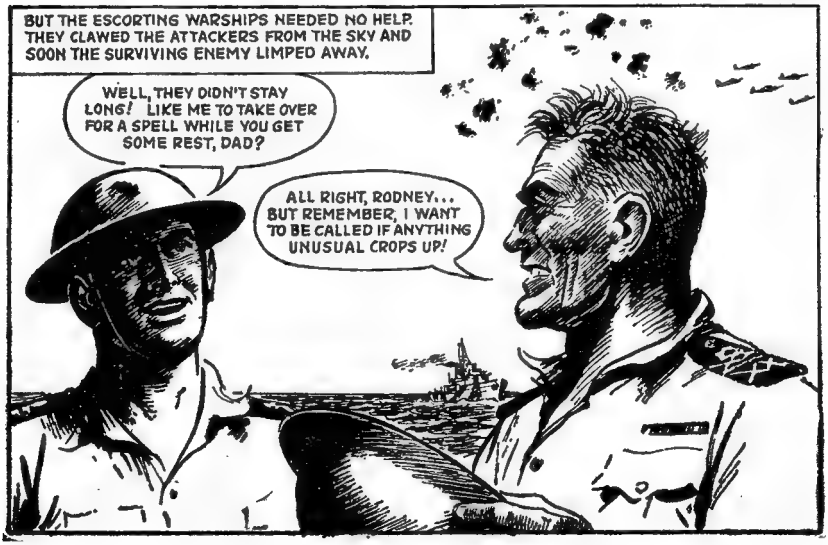
THE ITALIAN CREW HAD ALREADY BEEN PUT TO FLIGHT BY THE MAIN LANDING PARTY AND NUMBER FIVE PRIZE CREW CLAMBERED ABOARD WITHOUT OPPOSITION.
ENGINE ROOM PARTY, BELOW AT THE DOUBLE. WE'LL CAST OFF AS SOON AS YOU SIGNAL YOU'RE READY. MISTER CARTWRIGHT, HAVE ALL MOORING LINES SINGLED UP AND READY TO SLIP!
AYE AYE, SIR!

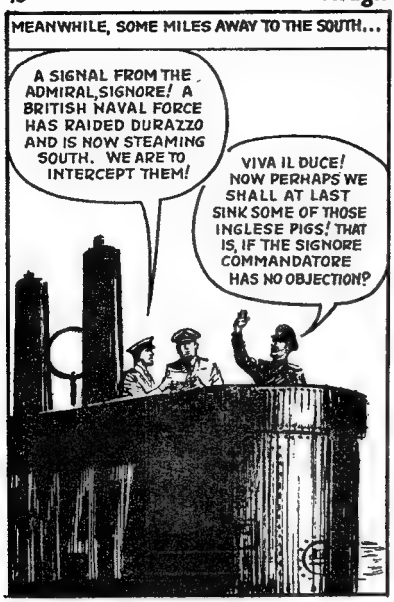

AS HE MOUNTED THE BRIDGE, JONAH FELT AS HE HAD DONE LONG YEARS AGO WHEN, AS A YOUNG CAPTAIN, HE HAD TAKEN OVER HIS FIRST COMMAND.
I'M SENDING THESE WOUNDED AND THE PARTISAN CHAPS ON BOARD, JOHNSON. THEY'VE GOT A SICK BAY PARTY WITH THEM!
RIGHT, SIR! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!
IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT JOHNSON NOTICED THE NAME OF THE SHIP . . .
THE CASERTA, BY ALL THE STARS! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THIS SHIP AGAIN, LET ALONE BE IN COMMAND OF HER. I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO OLD DA SILVESTRA? HE WAS ONE OF THE BEST . . .
ENGINE ROOM'S READY, SIR, WHEN YOU ARE!
CASERTA
GENOA

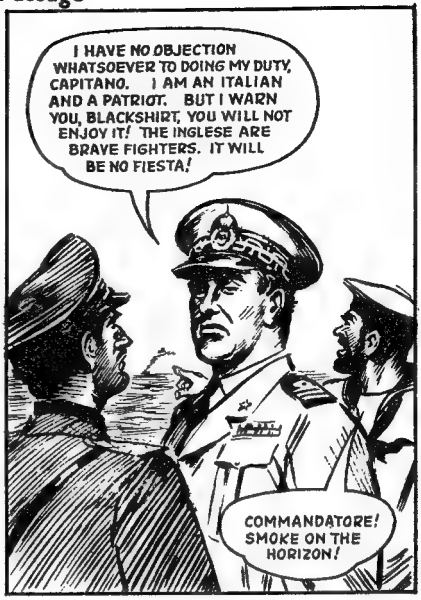
THE MOMENT RODNEY AND HIS CREW HAD SCRAMBLED ABOARD, JONAH GAVE THE ORDER TO CAST OFF AND THE GRACEFUL BOWS BEGAN TO SWING OUT.

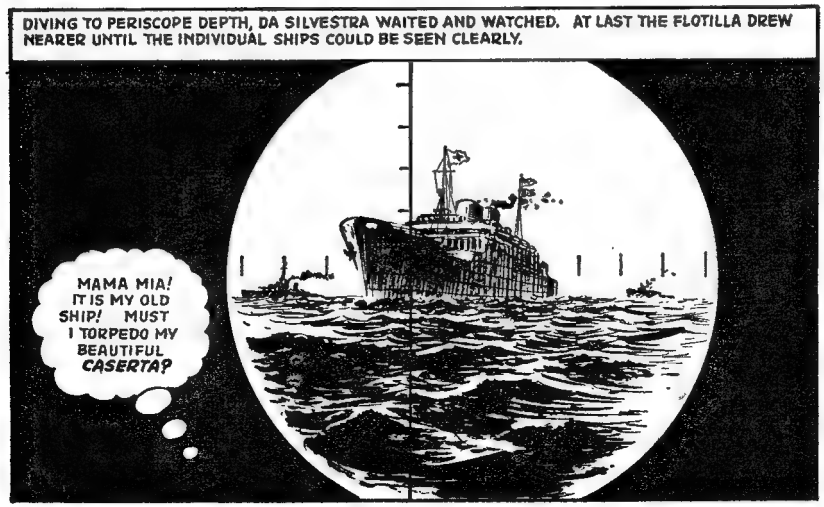
WITH CALM EFFICIENCY, JONAH MANOEUVRED THE BIG SHIP THROUGH THE WRECK-LITTERED HARBOUR TOWARDS THE OPEN SEA.


THE JOURNEY DOWN THE ADRIATIC WAS FAR FROM UNEVENTFUL, FOR THE ENEMY WERE SMARTING AT THE SUCCESS OF THE AUDACIOUS RAID . . .
A BIT LIVELY, ISN'T IT?
TOO LIVELY, DAD! WE'RE SITTING DUCKS! I WISH WE COULD HIT BACK.


BUT THE ESCORTING WARSHIPS NEEDED NO HELP. THEY CLAWED THE ATTACKERS FROM THE SKY AND SOON THE SURVIVING ENEMY LIMPED AWAY.
WELL, THEY DIDN'T STAY LONG! LIKE ME TO TAKE OVER FOR A SPELL WHILE YOU GET SOME REST, DAD?
ALL RIGHT, RODNEY... BUT REMEMBER, I WANT TO BE CALLED IF ANYTHING UNUSUAL CROPS UP!


MEANWHILE, SOME MILES AWAY TO THE SOUTH...
A SIGNAL FROM THE ADMIRAL, SIGNORE! A BRITISH NAVAL FORCE HAS RAIDED DURAZZO AND IS NOW STEAMING SOUTH. WE ARE TO INTERCEPT THEM!
VIVA IL DUCE! NOW PERHAPS WE SHALL AT LAST SINK SOME OF THOSE INGLESE PIGS! THAT IS, IF THE SIGNORE COMMANDATORE HAS NO OBJECTION?


I HAVE NO OBJECTION WHATSOEVER TO DOING MY DUTY, CAPITANO. I AM AN ITALIAN AND A PATRIOT. BUT I WARN YOU, BLACKSHIRT, YOU WILL NOT ENJOY IT! THE INGLESE ARE BRAVE FIGHTERS. IT WILL BE NO FIESTA!
COMMANDATORE! SMOKE ON THE HORIZON!


DIVING TO PERISCOPE DEPTH, DA SILVESTRA WAITED AND WATCHED. AT LAST THE FLOTILLA DREW NEARER UNTIL THE INDIVIDUAL SHIPS COULD BE SEEN CLEARLY.
MAMA MIA! IT IS MY OLD SHIP! MUST I TORPEDO MY BEAUTIFUL CASERTA?

THEN, EVEN AS HE NOTICED THE FLAG WHICH FLUTTERED AT THE TARGET'S MASTHEAD, A HAND ROUGHLY THRUST HIM ASIDE.

MANY SHIPS APPROACHING DEAD AHEAD, SIGNORE COMMANDATORE!

WHY DO YOU NOT ATTACK? LET ME LOOK THROUGH THAT PERISCOPE!

THE POLICE CAPTAIN TOOK ONE QUICK LOOK AND THEN WHIPPED OUT HIS PISTOL.

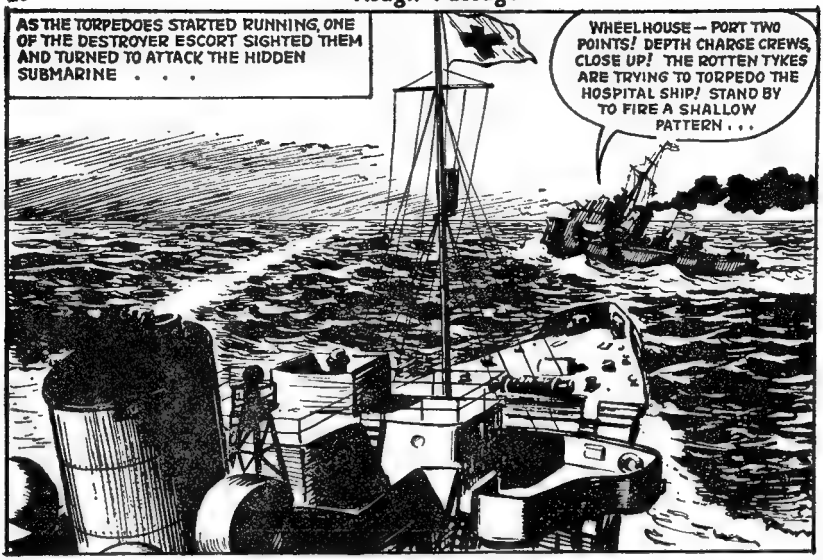
AS I THOUGHT! YOU ARE LETTING THAT LARGE SHIP ESCAPE BECAUSE SHE FLIES THE RED CROSS FLAG! IT IS ONLY AN INGLESE TRICK! I ORDER YOU, IN THE NAME OF IL DUCE, TO SINK HER AT ONCE!

VERY WELL! TUBES ONE AND TWO, PREPARE TO FIRE! HELMSMAN, THREE DEGREES TO PORT ...STAND BY...

BUT AS HE GAVE THE ORDER TO FIRE, DA SILVESTRA SMILED INWARDLY TO HIMSELF.

FIRE ONE... FIRE TWO...

AND THEY WILL BOTH MISS! THIS FOOL OF A LANDLUBBER DOES NOT REALISE THAT MY LAST HELM ORDER MADE SURE OF THAT!

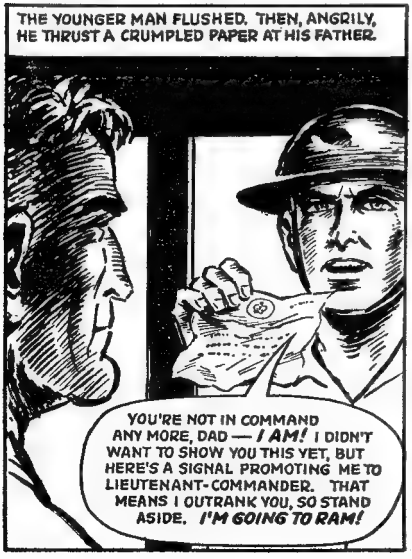

AS THE TORPEDOES STARTED RUNNING, ONE OF THE DESTROYER ESCORT SIGHTED THEM AND TURNED TO ATTACK THE HIDDEN SUBMARINE . . .
WHEELHOUSE — PORT TWO POINTS! DEPTH CHARGE CREWS, CLOSE UP! THE ROTTEN TYKES ARE TRYING TO TORPEDO THE HOSPITAL SHIP! STAND BY TO FIRE A SHALLOW PATTERN . . .

ABOARD THE CASERTA, RODNEY JOHNSON HAD ALSO SEEN THE RACING TORPEDOES. HE BARKED A CRISP ORDER AND THE BIG SHIP BEGAN TO SWING AS HER HELM WENT OVER.
WHEELHOUSE— HARD A-STARB'D! IF THAT SKULKING PIRATE SHOWS UP ANYWHERE NEAR OUR BOWS, I'LL RAM HIM, SO HELP ME!

BENEATH THE SURFACE, THE HUNTED SUBMARINE ROCKED AND SHUDDERED AS THE DEPTH CHARGES RAINED DOWN.

IN THE CHARTROOM OF THE *CASERTA*, JONAH JOHNSON WOKE INSTANTLY, AS HIS SHIP HEELED OVER TO THE SUDDEN CHANGE OF HELM. IN A SECOND, HE WAS ON HIS FEET . . .

JONAH'S HAND FLEW TO THE ENGINE ROOM TELEGRAPH, SWINGING THE POINTER TO 'FULL ASTERN!'
WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU PLAYING AT? I ORDERED YOU TO TAKE NO OFFENSIVE ACTION AND WHEN I'M IN COMMAND I EXPECT TO BE OBEYED!
LENTO
MEZZO
RAPIDO


THE YOUNGER MAN FLUSHED. THEN, ANGRILY, HE THRUST A CRUMPLED PAPER AT HIS FATHER.
YOU'RE NOT IN COMMAND ANY MORE, DAD — I AM! I DIDN'T WANT TO SHOW YOU THIS YET, BUT HERE'S A SIGNAL PROMOTING ME TO LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER. THAT MEANS I OUTRANK YOU, SO STAND ASIDE. I'M GOING TO RAM!

RODNEY REACHED PAST HIS FATHER AND GRASPED THE BRASS HANDLE OF THE TELEGRAPH.
SORRY ABOUT THIS, DAD, BUT I MEAN IT! I'M PREPARED TO TAKE THIS RESPONSIBILITY!
IF HE RAMS THAT SUB. WHILE SHE'S SURRENDERING, HIS CAREER IS FINISHED . . .

WITH A SPEED SURPRISING FOR A MAN OF HIS YEARS, JOHNSON STOPPED THE HEADSTRONG YOUNGSTER IN THE ONLY WAY POSSIBLE. RODNEY BUCKLED AT THE KNEES AND FELL WITHOUT A SOUND . . .
STOP GAWPING, MISTER PALMER, AND ORDER THE WATCH ON DECK TO GET THOSE ITALIANS ABOARD BEFORE THAT SARDINE TIN SINKS UNDER THEM. SMARTLY NOW!
AYE AYE, SIR!
THANKFULLY, THE ITALIANS CLIMBED THE ROPE LADDERS WHICH WERE FLUNG DOWN TO THEM. THE WAR WAS OVER FOR THEM AND THEY WERE NOT SORRY.
'URRY UP, THERE, WE AIN'T GOT ALL PERISHIN' DAY! PUT A JERK IN IT!
SI, SI! WE COME, IMMEDIATEMENTE! WE SURRENDER!
YOU'D BETTER, MATE, OR I'LL KNOCK YER BLOOMING BLOCK OFF!

FIVE MINUTES LATER RODNEY CAME TO. ON THE DECK, HE SAW HIS FATHER SPEAKING TO THE SUBMARINE COMMANDER AS IF HE WERE A LONG-LOST BROTHER.
DA SILVESTRA! BY HOKEY, FANCY MEETING YOU AGAIN LIKE THIS!
CAPTAIN JOHNSON! THIS TIME IT IS YOU WHO SAVES MY LIFE! BUT ALSO THIS TIME I AM YOUR PRISONER, OLD FRIEND!
WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, COMMANDATORE, IS HOW YOU COULD BRING YOURSELF TO TRY TO TORPEDO YOUR OLD SHIP WHILST SHE WAS FLYING THE RED CROSS FLAG! I'D EXPECT THAT OF A FASCIST — NOT YOU!
YOU ARE RIGHT, OLD FRIEND, AND IT WAS BECAUSE OF A FASCIST THAT I FIRED. BUT I AIMED MY TORPEDOES TO PASS ASTERN OF YOU. AND NOW, WILL YOU EXCUSE ME ONE MOMENT?

THE FASCIST POLICEMAN WAS STANDING NERVOUSLY NEXT TO DA SILVESTRA. NEXT MOMENT, HIS EYES FILLED WITH TERROR AS A FIST CRASHED ON HIS CHIN.

I WOULD ASK THAT YOU PUT THAT MAN IN IRONS AS A MINOR WAR CRIMINAL, CAPTAIN. MY OTHER OFFICERS AND MEN HAVE FOUGHT HONOURABLY AND WILL, I KNOW, BE HONOURABLY TREATED.

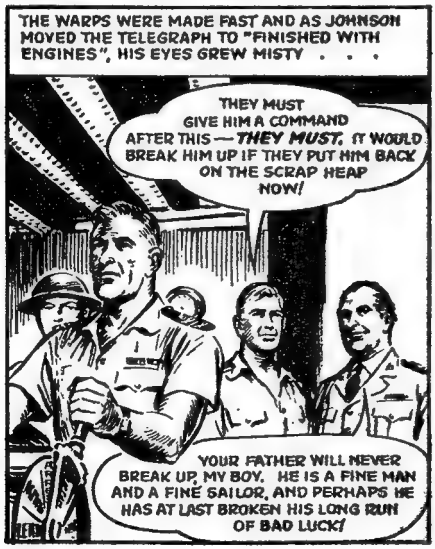
AS THE *CASERTA* RESUMED HER JOURNEY, JONAH LED THE ITALIAN UP TO WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN HIS OWN BRIDGE.

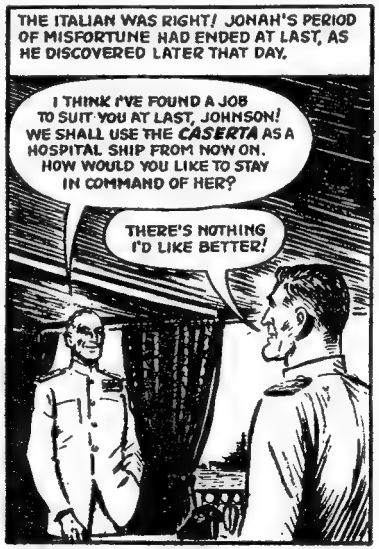
I'M SORRY ABOUT THE THUMP ON THE JAW, RODNEY. BUT IT SAVED YOU MESSING UP YOUR CAREER. NOW, SINCE IT SEEMS YOU OUTRANK ME, YOU'D BETTER TAKE OVER COMMAND . . .

BUNKUM, DAD! GIVE ME BACK THAT SIGNAL AND FORGET YOU EVER SAW IT — YOU'RE STILL IN COMMAND! I RECKON I'VE STILL GOT A LOT TO LEARN!

THANK YOU, RODNEY! THAT MEANS A VERY GREAT DEAL TO ME — MORE THAN YOU CAN GUESS!

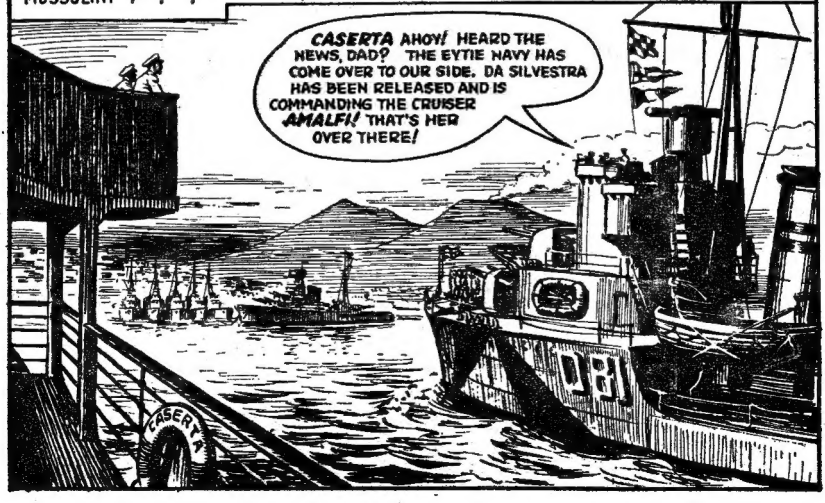
AND SO THE CASERTA SAILED INTO ALEXANDRIA, A PROUD CAPTIVE UNDER A PROUD MASTER.
VERY NICELY DONE! THESE R.N.R. TYPES KNOW HOW TO HANDLE BIG SHIPS! WHO'S COMMANDING THIS PRIZE CREW?
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER JOHNSON, SIR — JONAH JOHNSON!


THE WARPS WERE MADE FAST AND AS JOHNSON MOVED THE TELEGRAPH TO "FINISHED WITH ENGINES", HIS EYES GREW MISTY . . .
THEY MUST GIVE HIM A COMMAND AFTER THIS — THEY MUST. IT WOULD BREAK HIM UP IF THEY PUT HIM BACK ON THE SCRAP HEAP NOW!
YOUR FATHER WILL NEVER BREAK UP, MY BOY. HE IS A FINE MAN AND A FINE SAILOR, AND PERHAPS HE HAS AT LAST BROKEN HIS LONG RUN OF BAD LUCK!


THE ITALIAN WAS RIGHT! JONAH'S PERIOD OF MISFORTUNE HAD ENDED AT LAST, AS HE DISCOVERED LATER THAT DAY.
I THINK I'VE FOUND A JOB TO SUIT YOU AT LAST, JOHNSON! WE SHALL USE THE CASERTA AS A HOSPITAL SHIP FROM NOW ON. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO STAY IN COMMAND OF HER?
THERE'S NOTHING I'D LIKE BETTER!

JOHNSON WAS A PROUD MAN AS HE RETURNED TO HIS SHIP. FORTUNE HAD AT LAST BEGUN TO SMILE UPON HIM. YET ANOTHER PLEASANT SURPRISE LAY IN STORE . . .

AFTER THAT, ONE THING ALONE MARRED JOHNSON'S CONTENTMENT — THE THOUGHT OF HIS OLD FRIEND, DA SILVESTRA, LANGUISHING IN A P.O.W. CAMP. THEN, AT LAST, CAME THE FALL OF MUSSOLINI . . .



Printed in England by Messrs. Percy Brothers Ltd., Manchester 1, and published each month by Fleetway Publications Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. Second class postage paid at New York Post Office, New York. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd. South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Messrs. Kingstons Ltd. WAR PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. 6/1/61

ALSO ON SALE NOW

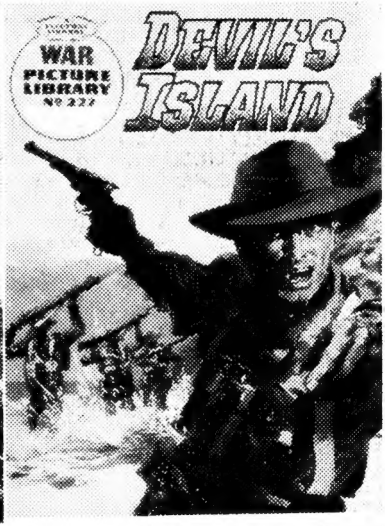
FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .

WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 224—ADVANCE

They were the veterans, the men poised for the final thrust into the heart of Nazi Germany . . .

No. 227—DEVIL'S ISLAND



One man talked—and a battalion of Aussies died as they stormed the Japanese stronghold. Yet they must go in again.

ALSO ON SALE NOW :—
No. 225—SURPRISE AND KILL

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale 3rd February, are :—

No. 228—CRASH LANDING
No. 229—TRAIL OF THE AVENGER
No. 230—NO RETREAT
No. 231—A CAGE OF TIGERS

SEND ONE 1/- STAMP

You get back

116

DIFFERENT STAMPS *PLUS*

Just look at this exciting offer! You get giant collection of 116 all different genuine stamps. Here are some highlights: TOGO-set of 2 Yuri Gagarin Spaceman; CHAD-4 exotic animal triangles; POLYNESIA-2 South Sea beauty queens; ALBANIA-set of 4 old imperforate "Double Eagles". MONACO-giant Lourdes diamond shape. (So far every stamp is in brilliant mint condition).
Also: MALDIVES-U.N. Anniv.; new African country of RWANDI-Independence stamp with map (also mint). JAPAN-New Year. This splendid collection includes triangles, diamonds, imperfs. hard-to-get countries and many fascinating and unusual stamps and sets from all over the world. Grand total 116 all different genuine stamps.

42 STAMP SIZE PORTRAITS OF THE **Kings & Queens of England**

FREE IF YOU ORDER NOW, 42 STAMP SIZE PORTRAITS OF KINGS OF ENGLAND SINCE WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

This fabulous showpiece cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price!

ALL YOURS FOR JUST 1/- IN UNUSED STAMPS (OR POSTAL ORDER) TO INTRODUCE FAMOUS BARGAIN APPROVALS.

Approvals are stamps sent for inspection and purchase. They are the easiest and most interesting way to build a collection at a low cost—and enjoy stamp collecting. But please tell your parents you are answering this advertisement.

ASK FOR LOT P29

BROADWAY APPROVALS, 50, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5.

POST COUPON TODAY

P29 | I enclose 1/-. Rush me the 116 different stamps plus the 42 Portraits. Send a selection of bargain approvals for free examination.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....(Please print carefully)

Please tell your parents you are answering this advertisement.